Ancient Temple-Fortress Near Mosul

Part of the circular prehistoric temple-fortress which archaeologists of the Joint expedition of the University of Pennsylvania museum and the American School of Oriental Research recently uncovered 15 miles northeast of Mosul. The find climaxed the seventh season of work at the "great mound." The temple-fort is believed to have been built by a people antedating the Sumerians, who lived in this area about 3000 B. C., by 500 years.

Roosevelt Starts Annual Memorial Buddy Poppy Drive

President Gets First Poppy From Michigan Orphan

The annual sale of the buddy poppies by the Veterans of Foreign Wars was officially started when President Roosevelt received the first poppy from little Miss Iris Arlene Hildebrandt of Eaton Rapids, Mich. She came from the home for widows and orphans of ex-service men.

Can Keep Age Secret

Berkeley, Calif.—As an inducement to universal voluntary fingerprinting of the city's entire population, Police Chief J. A. Greening has ruled that no woman will be obliged to tell her age.

Indian Bible Found

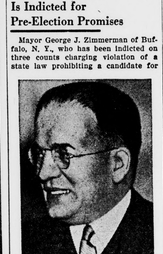
Edmonton, Alta.—A copy of St. Mark's Gospel, translated in the Cree Indian language 40 years ago, has been found in a parcel of second-hand books sent to a book exchange here.

Twenty Pound Lobster Is Caught

Little Ralph Fagin of East Boston shown with his mother, Mrs. Anna Fagin, as they look over the giant 20-pound lobster caught by Ralph's daddy, a fisherman, off Cape Cod. From stem to stern the lobster measured a little over two feet.

Mayor of Buffalo Is Indicted for Pre-Election Promises

Mayor George J. Zimmerman of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been indicted on three counts charging violation of a state law prohibiting a candidate for

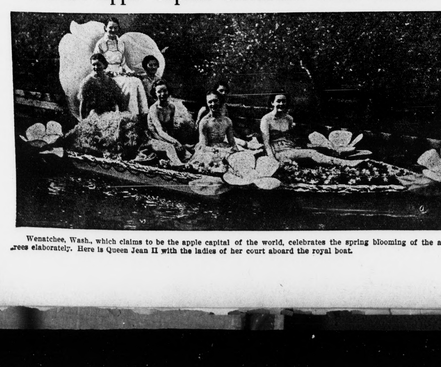


public office from making pre-election promises of jobs in return for support. He was elected Democratic mayor in 1933.

Grist Mill Unearthed

Fostoria, Ohio.—Two stone grinding wheels, used in a grist mill a century ago, were unearthed by excavators here. The wheels, or grain barrs, are of hard stone, five feet in diameter and six inches thick.

World's Apple Capital Celebrates 1936 Blooms



Wenatchee, Wash., which claims to be the apple capital of the world, celebrates the spring blooming of the apple trees elaborately. Here is Queen Jean II with the ladies of her court aboard the royal boat.

ITALY REALIZES DREAM OF E

But From Where Will the Capital Come to Develop Et exploited Resources? And Will Italians Colonize C

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

WITH the annexation of Ethiopia by Italy, the Dark Continent of Africa now consists entirely of "colonies" of the European nations, with the single exception of Liberia, a tiny negro republic on the Atlantic coast near the equator and just south of the Sahara desert.

Africa covers 12,000,000 square miles and is the home of 150,000,000 people. For four hundred years the continent has been a colonial pie sliced up by the swords of half a dozen nations. Much of the territorial holdings in it are in the hands of three minor nations which are hardly in a position to defend their holdings against the countries which in the past few decades have asserted their power more substantially.

These three powers are Spain, Portugal and Belgium. They rule over 1,850,000 square miles of Africa and among their colonial subjects are 17,500,000 people.

With her new colony, which Mussolini says will be developed to its fullest extent immediately, Italy now has possession of Libya, a vast stretch of country directly across the Mediterranean in a southerly direction from the mother country; Eritrea, along the southern end of the Red sea; Ethiopia, which includes the headwaters of the Nile, and Italian Somaliland, which lies along the Indian ocean and borders Ethiopia on the south.

Flanks Britain's "Life-Line."

This means that Italy has become an empire, that Victor Emanuel is no longer merely a king, but an emperor. The only barrier that separates the two major sections of this vast colonial estate is the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Italy is now firmly entrenched along both sides of the Mediterranean and at the southern mouth of the Red sea, becoming what is probably the dominating factor along the life-line of Britain's empire.

Britain, with her prestige falling apart because of the total ineffectuality of her campaign in the League of Nations to stop the Italian course of empire, and the utter failure of her fleet to bluff Il Duce into backing down, now finds herself in a most embarrassing position.

Not only has she suffered great loss of respect in the eyes of the world, but she has ceased to dominate the route to India through the Suez canal. Her line of colonies which stretch from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope are no longer backed by a nation without sufficient power to worry anybody, but by the colonies of a nation which is not only powerful in Africa but in Europe itself. And the source of much of the all-important irrigation of Egyptian lands is now in the hands of a power which is at present hostile.

Of the African colonies, Britain's are, however, undoubtedly the best. More than one-fourth of the continent is covered by the Sahara desert, and there is another large desert, the Kalahari, in the South. The average density of the population in Africa is about twelve to a square mile, as compared with about forty to a square mile in the United States. The density of population of the British colonies is everywhere about the average for the continent, while the possessions of every other power have an average density before the continental average.

France Is Biggest Holder.

France and Great Britain now share equally about two-thirds of Africa. The remainder is divided up between Italy, Belgium, Spain and Portugal.

It is France who is the largest holder of territory in Africa. She has the Island of Madagascar in the Indian ocean off the southeast African coast, Morocco, Algiers and Tunis. But since so much of her holdings include desert land—she virtually owns the Sahara—her 4,222,000 square miles of territory have an average population of only nine souls to the square mile. Her African colonial subjects number about 38,500,000 in all.

Britain's colonies are the home of approximately 65,000,000 persons. Including Egypt, these colonies cover 3,925,000 square miles, making the population about 16 to the square mile. The British colonies, which stretch the full length of Africa on the eastern side of the continent, are the most inhabitable sections.

In annexing Ethiopia, Italy will have added about 350,000 square miles to her colonial empire, and will have gathered another 10,000,000 persons under the Italian flag. With the new conquest, the population of her African colonies rises from 2.5 persons to the square mile to 10.5 persons to the square mile. She now controls nearly 1,267,000 square miles of Africa, with a population of 13,350,000 persons.

Belgium's territory, while it is large, consists almost entirely of equatorial jungle, which is not at the present very valuable. What its worth will be when and if the jungle of the Belgian Congo is ever cleared, is unknown. There are not many people able to exist in these 920,000 square miles, the population being about ten persons to the square mile, with a total of 9,594,000.

Spain's Share Sparsely Settled.

Even more sparse is the population of Portugal's several African colonies, either among which are Angola, bordering the Atlantic coast to the south of the Belgian Congo, and Mozambique along the Indian ocean on the mainland opposite Madagascar. The Portuguese territory embraces a little less than 800,000 square miles, with a little over 7,000,000 inhabitants, or about nine to the square mile.

Spain's 140,000 square miles of African territory, chiefly in Morocco and on the Atlantic seaboard west of the Sahara, are inhabited by only about 900,000 persons, or 6.5 to the square mile.

The popular conception that colonies in Africa offer the European colonizing nations an outlet for their excess population has been proved more or less false. With all the colonization and empire building of 400 years, only one person in 20 on the African continent today is white. There are in all only about 3,000,000 whites.

It is also doubtful that the Dark Continent and its peoples ever will be a great market for goods manufactured in Europe. Natives, largely of a prim-

Pietro Badoglio, Italy's new vicaroy of Ethiopia, surveys the lay of the land as an aide points it out to him.

itive character, require little of the manufactured goods of civilization. It may be possible that with continued development this market will be built up. But such development takes an enormous amount of capital.

That is the one big disappointment to Italy in her conquest of Ethiopia. The land, exclusive of the central plateau, is poor, the natural resources are ridiculously less than they have been estimated in the popular fancy of those who seek to justify Il Duce's bloody war, and the peo... le in nature.

Colonists...

Mussolini cite... in his conquest o... of Abyssinia—ov... ed people to em...

Recent picture o... peror Haile Selass...

ment of raw mate... dustries. But Ita... parently not so w... colonists in an ... fortable land. It ... been Italian nor ... are only about 3...

The entire Ogaden area of Ethiopia, conquered by the Italians in the recent campaign, are of little value. It is a vast, practically desert. Its only agricultural area is the rich plateau, although in places even this is not very good.

Cotton and other ... ture are considered ... irrigation is provid... most of the regio... conquered in Ethi... they are to be d... veloped by treat... ital, and fresh cot... in which Italy is ... ting degree, espe... Italian settlers ... during the ...

Italian Planes in an Air Raid Near Addis Ababa.

Pretty Wall Hanging of Colorful Peacocks

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CHANNING POLLOCK

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...PSIS

...ilbert; likable youth ...ess and broke, et... summer home in ...ge shelter from a ...mself at home. Dor... ...atter, Willetta; ... He learns that the ... of the house, and ... servants he never ... He decides to bluff ... parents have left ... morning he is given ... He opens it ... ...from the real Jack ...ers Evans to take ... ding to disappear ... he meets Judge ...daughter, Patricia. ... Ridder, she invites ...llowing Thursday ...thampton, deciding ... Mr. Ridder. Sr. ...er, the Globe, ac... ...es of taking orders ... Still in a condemna... ...barry meets Peter ... attorney. Winslow ...dge Hamlidge had ... which a woman ... ...ists in an unsa... ...fortable land. ... ...husband, ...with this murder ... ...ness. The girl, ...now she had met ... married him, as ... at his job, and they ... where she got work ... There she was ... pick the pocket of ... arrested. Her hus... ...to induce him to ... Kelly was found ... ...crushed by a decanter. ...pan help as Jack ...gers agrees. Judge ...mbles Mrs. Rid... ...e takes Rogers' ... job on the Globe ...e him to cover the ...

CHAPTER IV—Continued

...turned into a cheap restau... the Globe, where the slim ... ...ed him immediately. ... ...ded out his immedi... ...ays, Barry Gilbert ... the little rooms he'd ... day. Week-ends, of course, ... at Southampton, ... Ridder, Jr. That was ... contact with Bad Nau... another, even more es... That. He was to dine at the ... next Friday, he re... the lady from Boston to ... must have written flatter... him. A grand girl. Many ... admirable, as we have seen, ... admirable. "If I ... Barry thought, "I can ... the truth about myself, and ... me. Why not? All ... Clarke Ridder, Jr., busi... young man arrived in due ... duly presented his charge ... herself. First, there ... paragraphs, as Irish as Barry, ... as ready a grin ... to each other immediately. ... Tim repeated. "Well, ... Finnish, anyway."

...the Kelly murder as ... told MacIlwaith, and ... Barry met at headquar... Rogers did done it, that's ... indeed. "This Filipino ... didn't let nobody else in that ...

...somebody else let himself ...

...stered accordingly. ... There was a new lock on ... Show him the keys, Mac," ... ordered.

"Why?"

"Because all about that was in The ... Herald Friday morning after the body was found."

"All about what?"

"All about my being up in Harlem at a dance."

"And what time did you get home?"

"Around daylight."

"Did you let yourself in?"

"Sure."

"And you didn't wonder where Mike was?"

"I thought he was asleep. We didn't room together. The lights was all out."

"No light in the front room?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Dead sure. Anything else?"

"No, thanks. I didn't mean to keep you so long. But one thing led to another."

"That's all right," Mrs. Kelly assured him. "I got nothing to hide. Drop around any time you feel like it."

"No holes in that alibi," Tim said, as they reached the sidewalk. "Straight shooter, she is. Ran a saloon when Mike married her. You certainly got wound up. What was all that about the latch key?"

"Bright and shiny, wasn't it?"

"Brand new. She told you that. So did I, when we were looking at Kelly's key-wallet."

"Yes." Barry admitted. "But there wasn't any new key in that wallet."

Tim Laugherty stopped short in Fifth avenue.

"You're right," he said.

"I've got the number," Barry went on, producing his envelope. "A 66152. Write that down. A plain, round hand. Two of 'em. Where's the other? It never was in that wallet, because every hook's filled."

"Maybe he carried it loose in his pocket."

"Wherever he carried the key, where is it?"

"I don't know," Tim answered. "It wasn't on the body—that's sure."

By now, it was time for his dinner appointment with Peggy.

Still in high spirits, he walked around to her boarding house. Barry remembered Southampton with shame when he saw the Ridders' two shabby rooms. The boy lay in one of them; a bright youngster, five years old. "The doctor doesn't seem to know what the matter is," Peggy declared.

"I know," Barry said. "I'd be sick in this dump. Why don't you bring him out to the country?"

Peggy shook her head.

"I want to be near Jack," she repeated.

"Winslow says he's likely to be free a week."

Dining comfortably in a nearby cafe, he told her everything that had happened since their parting; all the astonishing events of that day. And, with the recital, Peggy's spirits rose, too. When Barry mentioned his new job, she actually laughed.

"That's funny," she said. "You're doing what the old man's real son wouldn't do."

"I've two reasons," Barry explained. "In the first place it puts me in a splendid position to help Jack. In the second—well, the fact is that I'm nuts about a girl, and I want to make good on her account."

"What's her name?"

"Patricia Hamlidge. She lives at Southampton, and she and her father both knew the Ridders. They think I'm young Ridder, of course."

The next morning, Barry dropped in again on Pete Winslow. The lawyer had talked with Peggy's husband, and was persuaded of his innocence. They've got a prima facie case, though," he admitted. "The grand jury'll indict the boy. I'm afraid. We'll get him tried as quickly as possible, and there isn't the slightest chance of his conviction."

Peter leaned forward, his fingers intertwined between his knees.

"That was a shrewd question you asked that Filipino. Only I wish you'd asked it of me. He's prepared now. Never mind. When it comes to cross-examination—"

He rose, with the joy of battle in his eyes.

"But be careful about tipping our hand," he said. "Bring in Mrs. Rogers. I'd like to check up on her statement."

"Tomorrow?"

"Make it next week."

"He's a great lawyer," Ernie Harwood said, when Barry repeated as much of this conversation as it seemed wise to repeat. "And a wizard at cross-examination. I've seen him discredit one witness after another with mere monosyllables. Tell Winslow I may have a tip for him some day. It's nothing now. Just a phone call. But, if I ever find who it was—"

Barry devoted that evening to drafting a letter for the real Jack Ridder to copy and send to his mother. Something told him that whatever the boy wrote himself would be cold and resentful. That would make the old lady unhappy, and Barry didn't want her to be.

"I've got a job on father's paper," he wrote, with genuine pride. I've expected father's wish as to using his name — except at Southampton, of course. They had to know there. At the Globe, I'm on my own, and getting ahead. I'll be a credit to you yet, darling."

From that, he went into some detail as to his interest in the friend "locked up for murder he didn't commit," and the need of funds for his defense. Even to Jack Ridder, it was obvious that the letter had to be sent, so when it was—in Jack Ridder's hand-writing—from the railway station post box at Southampton the following Friday, Barry arrived on an early afternoon train.

He had wired Evans to meet him, and found Willetta waiting in the front hall. There was no doubt now that the butler suspected something, and Barry, sure of what he suspected, faced him with a broad grin. "What's the matter with you, Willetta?"

"Matter, sir?"

"You've been acting queer ever since the night Mrs. Rogers spent here. I don't know what you heard that night?"

"Do you mean eavesdropping, sir?" There was a pained surprise in the man's voice.

"Not me, sir. I've got my position to remember. I've been a butler with some of the best families."

"All right," Barry soothed him. "You think I'm back at the kind of behavior that alienated me from my father. Well, I'm not. That 'glittery lady' is the wife of a man I met in Florida. . . ."

And, for the third time that week, Barry related his story.

"She's a brave little kid," he concluded, "and she's in trouble up to her neck. I'm going to stand by her. I've got a job on my father's newspaper—under an assumed name, because I want to win out on my own. I've cabled my mother for money, and everything I can get goes to that lady until her husband can win on his own. I'm going to be in town most of the time now, working my head off."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

It Was a Gruesome Exhibit—That Bottle Which Had Killed a Man.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for June 14

JESUS CRUCIFIED

LESSON TEXT—Luke 23:33-46.

GOLDEN TEXT—But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Romans 5:8.

PRIMARY TOPIC—When Jesus Died for Us.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Savior—Christ the Lord.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Died for Me.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Meaning of the Cross.

It is highly important that every teacher have the personal experience of Christ's death for himself and then get his pupils to see that Christ's death was instead of their own death. We escape judgment because judgment fell upon Christ. He was made to be sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him (II Cor. 5:21). No one lacking this experience can truly teach this lesson.

I. **The Place of Crucifixion** (v. 33). They led him away to Calvary, a hill north of Jerusalem resembling a skull. Calvary is the Latin word, and Golgotha is the Hebrew. This is a most significant name for the place where man's redemption was accomplished. The skull is an apt symbol of man's condition as a result of sin. Life and intelligence are gone, leaving only the dark empty cavern which once contained them.

II. **His Companions on the Cross** (v. 33).

Two malefactors were crucified with him. This is in fulfillment of the Scriptures: "He was numbered with the transgressors" (Isa. 53:12). Personally, he was sinless, but he became sin for us.

III. **His Forgiving Love** (v. 34).

He cried, "Father forgive them." His doubtless had in mind not only the soldiers who acted for the government, but the Jews who in their blindness were ignorant of the enormity of their crime. He was absolutely destitute of hatred, even for his betrayer and murderers.

IV. **The Revelation of the World** (vv. 34-43).

Take a cross section of the world at any time since Christ was crucified, and representatives of the various classes therein were found around Jesus on the cross. The cross is the judgment of this world (John 12:31).

1. The covetous (v. 34). They gambled for his seamless robe where he was dying. This represents those whose primary interest in Christ is a means to get gain. If they had had eyes to see they could have beheld a robe of righteousness being provided in his death.

2. The indifferent (v. 35). "The people stood beholding." They gazed upon him with indifference. The great mass of the world today gazes upon the crucified Christ with stolid indifference.

3. The scoffers (vv. 35-39).

a. The rulers reviled him for his claim to be the Savior. They wanted a Savior but not a crucified one. Many today are religious but have only contempt for a salvation which centers in an atonement made by blood. They uttered a great truth when they said: "He saved others." But he could not save himself and others because God's plan was to save others by giving himself.

b. The soldiers reviled him for claiming to be a king. The title "King of the Jews" had been placed over him in irony. But it was pre-eminently true, for by right of the Davidic covenant, he shall one day be king over Israel (II Sam. 7:8-16). Through his death, he came into the place of Lordship over all who acknowledge him.

c. The impenitent malefactor (v. 39). This brutal man joined in reviling the Savior, even though he himself was under condemnation.

4. The penitent malefactor (vv. 40-43).

The conscious sinner who discerned the heart of the Savior prayed for mercy. The salvation of this penitent man is a remarkable picture of the saving power of Christ. The man confessed his sin as against God and cried to Jesus for salvation. He saw that the dying man was the forgiving God. His salvation was immediate. Christ said: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

V. **The Death of Christ** (vv. 44-46). So shocking was this crime that nature herself threw around the Son of God a shroud to hide him from the godless crowd. Darkness was upon the land at noonday. When the price of sin was paid he cried with a loud voice, showing that he still had vitality, that his death was not through exhaustion but by his sovereign will. He died like no other one in all history. He gave up the ghost, that is dismissed his spirit.

The Soul

I am fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which, to our eyes, seems to set in night; but it has in reality only gone to diffuse its light elsewhere.—Goethe.

Active in Good Works

Beautiful is the activity that works for good, and the stillness that waits for good; blessed the self-sacrifice of the one, and the self-forgetfulness of the other.

Devil's Bargain

By GRACE W. BYRNES

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

FIVE minutes to nine. Already a crowd of impatient women were pressing against the plate glass doors of Goldberg's department store. They elbowed each other roughly in the soft places and the stout ones thrust their armored hips into the defenseless curves of their thinner sisters. Bargain day.

Outside, the pack of bargain hounds was straining at the leash, panting to be on the trail. Inside, the clerks stood behind the counters comparing "dates" of the night before. In the end elevator sat Mamie McGregor, crouched over on her stool, peering into a tiny mirror while she put a last dash of crimson on her lips.

The gong sounded, the doors swung open and the crowd poured in. Mamie pocketed her lipstick and assumed her professional air of sang froid.

"Step back into the elevator, please. Don't crowd. Room for only one more. Lady, you'll have to take the next car. Face the door, please."

"Second floor," called Mamie, and the disgorged passengers.

"Third floor, Ladies' suits, coats and dresses."

The car slowly emptied and a man stepped in. He was bareheaded and Mamie caught a swift impression of good looks.

"Floor, please," she said mechanically, but he made no answer. Mamie could hear his heavy breathing. She brought the car to a stop at Four, sliding the door open and shut; again at Five and at Six. At Seven she opened the door and turned around to face her passenger. He was tall and undeniably handsome. Shining black hair slicked back from his forehead; dark brown eyes. But his face was white as chalk. He was standing far back in the corner of the car.

"This is the top floor," Mamie said in a conversational tone.

"I want the street floor," he answered shortly.

They dropped past Four and were almost down to Three when Mamie saw two men coming toward the elevator in a walk that was almost a run. Big men they were, with heavy faces and grim jaws. One of them was waving his hand at Mamie. Like a flash of forked lightning the truth shot through her mind. They were bulls and they were after the man behind her. They would seize him with their big hands and throw him into the wagon. Then they'd third degree him; put him under the big light and beat him with their fists until he confessed—no matter how innocent he might be. She'd seen it all in the movies. Well, she'd fool them. They weren't going to get him. She'd save him. Maybe she'd lose her job. All right. Let them fire her. Her dad would stake her until she found another. He was as steady as the clock on the City Hall tower. Dear old Dad.

As she slowed down for the street floor she said quietly: "Steady now. Walk out as if there hadn't nothing happened."

She felt his hand on her shoulder for an instant. "Thanks, kid. You're a brick," he said and stepped out of the car.

The car had filled again and, at the click of the starter, Mamie descended to the basement. When she returned to the main floor, there were the two detectives waiting for her. They leaned over Mamie and fairly hissed the words, "Where's that man?"

"He got off on the second floor," she said coolly.

One of the detectives sprang into the next elevator. The other still faced Mamie. "Young woman," he said slowly, looking straight into her eyes, "do you know what it means to shield a criminal?"

"Was he a criminal?" Mamie's air of shocked surprise was cleverly assumed.

"He was a murderer. He just killed the watchman down at the First National bank. Shot the old man down in cold blood, damn his rotten soul!" Mamie grasped the detective's arm. Her bravado was gone, her voice a weak whisper as she asked: "What was the old man's name?"

"McGregor," answered the detective.

"Oh, God!" Mamie's voice broke on a hoarse cry. Her father—dead!

The gay signs were grinning at her as she slipped from her stool and fell in a crumpled heap on the floor.

Pal

Bob was unable, through illness, to go to work on pay day, so asked his work-mate, Mick, to get his wages and bring them along to his house. Late that night Mick arrived at Bob's house, looking rather serious.

"I've lost yer wages, Bob!" he said. "Lost my wages!" began Bob.

But Mick interrupted him.

"Aye," he blurted, "and I believe if I had gone on playing I should have lost my own."—Answers Magazine.

Ocean's Greatest Depth

The greatest depression in the ocean is in the vast gulf called the Mindanao Deep, off the Philippines. Here, in latitude 9 degrees 41 minutes 15 seconds north and longitude 126 degrees 50 minutes 15 seconds east, the Pacific descends to 35,400 feet—more than six miles.

Birds Susceptible to Disease

Birds are more susceptible to contagious diseases than mammals.—Detroit News.

Christianity Loses Ground

Persia, Asia Minor and Egypt, once predominantly Christian, are now solidly Mohammedan.

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